

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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OCTOBER, 1867.

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## FINAL REPLY TO "HUMAN NATURE."

WE have no desire to enter into controversy with *Human Nature*; and as the reply in its last number to our remarks, though full of misstatements (no doubt unintentional), is very fairly accompanied with a reprint of the article in our August number, there is less need to do so, as its readers can readily compare its criticisms with our text, and judge as to their fitness and value. If, therefore, the few remarks we have to make seem curt and categorical, indicating only what would require much fuller treatment thoroughly to discuss, it is neither from lack of courtesy or of appreciation of the importance of some of the points at issue, but because, in our judgment, this is not the form, nor is this Magazine the place for the consideration of these questions. "Let all things be done decently, and in order." A very few words of explanation, therefore, must suffice.

If the remarks applied to this Magazine by our contemporary were not intended to convey a sneer, we can only regret that it should have employed language which could not fail to produce that impression. We are glad to find *Human Nature* recognizing that the writings of Voltaire and Paine have no connection with Spiritualism; and can only again express our regret that whole columns might be cited from Spiritual journals which, in all points but literary force, might be taken as quotations from the *Philosophical Dictionary* and the *Age of Reason*; which works, indeed, are not unfrequently included in catalogues of Spiritual works. No less than our contemporary are we "thankful for the truth as it is in Voltaire and Paine," just as we are thankful for the truth as it is in Calvin or Joseph Smith. We are aware that Calvinists, Mormons, and Deists may all be Spiritualists; Spiritualism is large enough to include them all, and a great many besides; but we decidedly protest against identifying Spiritualism exclusively with either of these

sects, or with any sect whatever. And as our contemporary tells us, that "to combat sectarianism is not to found a sect," we trust we may yet count on his co-operation in this matter, and that (if he must maintain a fighting attitude) he will combat not merely rival sects, but the *sect spirit* wherever found; not only the sectarianism of faith, but the sectarianism of unbelief, which is sectarianism of the narrowest, and poorest, and most rampant kind, exhibiting in general a perversity and bitterness of spirit it would be hard to parallel in the straightest of the sects of "Old Theology."

In protest "against the despotisms of priesthood and ecclesiastical systems," and, as "advocates of free thought and spiritual liberty," we yield to none; but we are not aware that free thought and spiritual liberty implies that we must run a-muck against every form of Christian faith, and regard religions as mere "vagaries and superstitions." "O Liberty," said Madame Roland, "what crimes!" (and, she might have added, what follies) "have been committed in thy name!" And, in our judgment, no greater folly in the much-abused name of Liberty was ever committed than the attempt to uproot that principle of religious faith, and that sentiment of reverence to the Divine Being, the purifying and deepening of which we take to be the great moral need of these times—a need which Spiritualism, *true* Spiritualism, has done more to meet than any other agency. And when we are told that "the *Spiritual Magazine* denies to allow the mind to form native and holy contemplations of its divine origin and destiny—its heaven-bestowed birthright;" we are amazed at this remarkable discovery of that which is not, and can only give the allegation an unqualified denial. The statement that "Spiritualism is the essential element of all religions," is not ours, and its correction by our contemporary is, in the main, a true one, and in accordance with the view we have repeatedly put forward.

That we "discard theology as well as philosophy," is certainly a strange misapprehension. It is true that we "decline with thanks," the small basket of intellectual green fruit which our friend has imported, and kindly proffers to us *as* philosophy; and that we cannot recognize *as* theology those crude speculations which "may admit of a personal God or not." This may be the newest New Theology, though it used to be called by a different name, but we are not yet disposed to accept the invitation to exchange our old lamps for these new ones; and instead of teaching our children in the name of Spiritualism that "our theology may admit of a personal God or not," we prefer to go on teaching them to pray to "Our Father," notwithstanding the reproach that this is only "Old Theology."

Our progressive friends go indeed at so rapid a pace that it is hard work this hot weather to keep up with them; to expect us to take in, all at once, a new Philosophy, a new Theology, and a new lingo into the bargain, is really a little too much. We prefer to wait "further developments," and the rather that new Philosophies and Theologies crowd in upon us so fast that possibly this newest fashion may become antiquated and obsolete before the next number of our contemporary makes its appearance.

Whether "the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life, and to aim through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world;" which we avow to be the effort and the aim of Spiritualism, is "to discard theology as well as philosophy;" and "must lead the mind to a state of mere negation and scepticism, ignoring the existence of both truth and philosophy, and starving the soul on the dry husks of objective phenomena;"—whether this is the "fragment of a thing," or an attempt to gather up the scattered fragments of a great truth and present it in a unitary form, are questions we must leave to the judgment of our readers.

It is quite true that there are many questions of the first importance in theology and religion; as well as in morals, metaphysics, politics, and social science, with which, in this Magazine, we do not meddle; not from want of interest in them, but because they are *beyond our immediate province, and beyond the space at our command*. We believe in the old copy-book motto—"What is worth doing, is worth doing well;" and we think it better to do as well as we can the work on which we are already engaged, than to enter on

Fresh fields and pastures new,

while our own special field of labour is still so poorly cultivated, and is capable of yielding such rich harvests to diligent and faithful labour; better, we repeat, to do "one thing," or even "the fragment of a thing" thoroughly, than attempt twenty things which must all be done badly. This journal does not profess to be an *Encyclopædia*, or even a *Magazine of Controversial Theology*: our title and our motto indicate our purpose, and it is one which we have laboured, we hope consistently, however imperfectly, to fulfil, and to which we intend resolutely to adhere. We believe in the division of labour in every sphere of human activity, and that by each cultivating well his own field, and doing his own proper work, instead of everybody trying to do everything, the whole will be better done, and all be in every way the gainers.

Least of all are we tempted to leap our fence to wander in those thorny paths, and vex and starve our souls mid those barren pastures in which it would seem our critic delights to range.

Our *method* differs fundamentally from that of our contemporary. He affirms (and prints it in italics), *The renunciation of errors is the first step in the defence of truth.* We would rather say "*The reception of a truth is the first step to the renunciation of errors.*" Attack a man's belief and you simply excite antagonism—the most unfortunate and unpromising condition of mind—the one in which it is the most difficult to bring about any change in his convictions; whereas, if a great truth with its appropriate evidences be presented to him in a kindly spirit, and, if possible, on some ground of existing conviction, he will be in a temper of mind to consider and receive it. And once such truth is received, errors incompatible therewith will gradually fall away of themselves. Truth ever tends on the one hand to the assimilation of all congenial elements, and on the other, to the rejection of all substances foreign to its own nature. Like begets its like: strife produces strife. Let controversy blow its fiercest blast, the traveller only folds his cloak the more closely around him to withstand its force: but let the Sun of Truth begin to shine on him, and he at once bares his bosom to the light and warmth, and perhaps, discards his cloak as now a needless encumbrance. *Exposition*, therefore, not *controversy*, is that on which we mainly rely for the advancement of truth, and the consequent eventual renunciation of opposing errors. Believing this, how can we say, as our censor imputes to us—"Oh! yes, batter away at the creeds of Mormon, Methodist, &c., but spare me mine." We have no fear of the result of any assault on our own faith, and have no disposition to "batter away" at the faiths of others. It is rather the *no faith*, the cause and sign of all impotence for good—the forerunner of sure and swift decay, to the removal of which, by the presentation of solid evidences of the reality of the great objects of faith, our efforts are mainly directed; but which our contemporary, we deeply regret, seems labouring to extend. The issue is therefore radical and vital, or we should not have recurred to it; for we think it far better to insist on essential agreements than to dwell on minor divergencies,—far better to unite on the great truth we hold in common than to see Spiritualism ranged under as many divers kinds as there happen to be different sects, organized or otherwise. But when we are met by a blank negation of religious faith and a hostile propaganda, and we are called upon to accept this negation as *the* Philosophy of Spiritualism, it becomes necessary to expose the true character of the issue thus forced upon us.

Whether Spiritualism is to lead to the purification and elevation of the religious sentiment, to a deeper reverence, a diviner

trust, a more complete surrender of ourselves to the Divine will, so that we may become as willing instruments and organs through which His spirit may act upon the world; or whether, so far as is possible and permitted, it is to be instrumental to the inversion of all this,—a means to the regarding of religion as a mere farrago of vagaries and superstitions, to doubt, if not to denial, of a personal Supreme Being, and in His place the apotheosis of a windy “philosophy,” which despises facts as “of no use,” except in so far as they can be made to square with its pretensions;—whether, in short, Spiritualism is to be the blessing it cannot fail to be in its true, normal uses; or is to be perverted to disorderly, atheistic purposes?—that is the question which now presents itself to the consideration of Spiritualists. We do not at all believe in the statement of our contemporary that its “position in this respect is supported by the opinion of the great majority of Spiritualists in this country, and most certainly by a number nearly equivalent to the whole of the Spiritualists in America.” The wish is father to the thought; but did we stand alone, we should still be “extreme” enough to maintain the truth against all seeming odds, in the full assurance of final success; for, in the noble words of Frederick Douglas, “God, with one, always form a majority”.

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### THE LATE PROFESSOR FARADAY.

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AMONG the great discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy it has been said that the greatest was the discovery of Faraday. This eminent *savant*, full of age and honours, has now passed away from the scene of his labours, and journalists have been working with busy pens in writing his biography and recording his distinguished services in promotion of science. For more than half a century connected with the Royal Institution, he was one of its most efficient and popular lecturers: much of this success was due to his habit of demonstrating whenever possible the truth of what he said by direct experiment before his audiences. He once said to a young lecturer, “If I said to my audience, ‘This stone will fall to the ground if I open my hand,’ I should not be content with saying the words; I should open my hand and let it fall.”

It is greatly to be regretted that the late Professor could not be induced to carry this method, so fruitful of results, into the investigation of those phenomena which men of high scientific attainments have, *after full investigation*, declared could not, in their judgment, be otherwise accounted for than by spiritual agency. Every facility was afforded him by the Spiritualists for this

purpose ; but, unfortunately, he had early committed himself against not only the very small portion of the phenomena with which seemingly he was acquainted, but against the *possibility* of their occurrence ;\* and all efforts to get him to reconsider his opinion were unavailing. His dictum that "before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with *clear ideas* of the naturally possible and impossible," was severely handled by Professor De Morgan in the *Athenæum* (March 28th, 1857, and March 12th, 1859), and is strangely inconsistent with the practice he otherwise so strenuously enforced, and to which so much of his own success was due, of bringing all matters to the test of direct experiment. Indeed, the whole assumption on which Faraday based his objection to facts of spiritual agency was a misconception. Neither in table moving nor any other phenomena of Spiritualism is the *creation of force* implied, as he supposed ; but simply the *employment of existing forces by invisible intelligences* ; a view which, whether it be true or false, is at least not manifestly impossible.

The only practical suggestion on this subject by Faraday, was the employment of an instrument to test whether the alleged table movements were or were not caused by the unconscious muscular pressure of the sitters around it ; but, apart from other considerations, this suggestion was at once disposed of by the fact, that these movements frequently occurred, *without the slightest contact with the table*—indeed as Mr. Capron, in his history of Spiritualism, tells us—"In most of the early cases, the first intimations the mediums had were from the sounds and rappings, and moving of furniture, *without any person being in contact with it*. The table moving—assembling around it and placing the hands upon it—was not known until nearly or quite four years after the first demonstration. Previous to that, all the moving was done *without contact*."

In 1865, in reply to a letter from Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, (whose father was a personal friend of Faraday's), inquiring what his views then were as to "table moving," and other so-called "spirit manifestations," the Professor wrote:—"I feel more certain than ever that such events do not take place. They who say they see these things are not competent witnesses of facts." Subsequently, Mr. Cooper wrote to the Professor, giving him a detailed account of certain experiments, making particular reference to the following:—"I placed a half hundred weight on the centre of the table. I then placed my hands on the table, and tried to pull it down ; this I found I

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\* "Lecture on Mental Education at the Royal Institution," May 6, 1854.

could do by dint of considerable effort. I then placed the weight further from me, and I then found it impossible to move; but the table, at my request, began tipping towards me, without the slightest effort on my part." In reply to this the Professor wrote him—"I freely admit my belief that you are perfectly sincere and truthful in your account of experiments; nevertheless, I refer you to my former letter for my answer now . . . . I do not doubt your competency to check the facts, if you are willing to work with an unbiassed mind; but I decline to enter upon the subject."\*

The facts which the Professor had so unhesitatingly pronounced to proceed from involuntary muscular action and from no other cause, had become so unruly, and the trial he had made to unlock spiritual things by his natural key had proved so unsuccessful, that after some spasmodic but fruitless attempts to right himself, he gave up the subject in disgust. He had been so roasted all round that he felt decidedly uncomfortable and that he had had quite too much of it. It is no wonder then that he declined further experimenting in that direction. Had he done so, it might have resulted as in the case of Professor Hare, of America, and as in a more recent instance of a Professor in this country of similar standing to his own, in his convicting himself of error, and of having pronounced judgment without proper investigation. But the refutation of Faraday by Faraday was not exactly a result that Faraday felt anxious to bring about; and so, as we have seen, he refused to come again before the public in connection with a subject which had been so unfortunate to him. Still some of his intimates would open it in private, and pour into his unwilling ears their experiences, and urge him to make a new investigation, and correct the errors into which he had so unhappily fallen. They did this partly out of consideration for his own reputation, thinking it necessary that so great a man in physical science should not be convicted of persistence in childish blunders in a matter amenable to the senses, and capable of absolute observation and analysis; and partly from a notion of the service which his name would render in a more general acceptance of the truths of Spiritualism. The eminent Professor had an intuition, however, that he was not destined to reap honours in this new field of investigation, and he steadily declined to enter again upon the trial, although he was well assured that his former published judgment was arrantly erroneous.

At length, however, the numerous and circumstantial descriptions given by men of high note, and dinned into his ears,

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\* *Spiritual Experiences*, &c., by ROBERT COOPER, pp. 16-17.

had their effect, and he signified his desire to see for himself. This which would not be thought much of, if it had only been a common person who had made the request, was considered to be a great condescension and kindness on the part of Professor Faraday, who was at last willing to see and pronounce his decision whether or not spiritual agencies can act upon material things. Up to this time, it must be remembered that the learned Professor had consistently and persistently declared, not only that no such action has ever been, but that from his accurate knowledge of the relative powers of spirit and of matter, such action is impossible. A meeting was accordingly arranged for him by Sir Emerson Tennant, to be held at the house of Mrs. Parks, 7, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park; the evening was fixed, it was settled as to the persons who were to be present; Mr. Home, the medium, was to be there; everything was arranged; when lo! the day before the *séance* was to have been held the Professor demanded (what does the reader think?)—*a programme of what was to take place!* Could a more complete ignorance of the possibilities of the case be manifested? As well might a demand have been made on the Professor for a programme of next year's discoveries in science. Of course, the unreasonableness of this demand, and the impossibility of complying with it, was represented to the Professor; but he would hear none of it, a programme he wanted, and a programme he must have; it was a *sine qua non*, and because this could not be given him he absolutely refused to attend the *séance* which had been arranged for him.

Again, (we are not giving these occurrences in the order of date) when the Davenport Brothers visited this country in the autumn of 1864, yet another opportunity was offered Professor Faraday to set himself right on this question. Our readers will remember that at this time twenty-four gentlemen met at the house of Mr. Dion Boucicault, and that after a most searching and thorough investigation of the manifestations, they came to the unanimous conclusion, and published it in the public journals, that they "could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery; and that so far as their investigations enabled them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain."\*

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\* Viscount Bury, M.P.; Sir Charles Wyke, G.C.B., Ambassador to Mexico; Sir Charles Nicholson, Chancellor of the University of Sydney; Captain Inglefield, the Arctic Navigator; and Mr. Robert Chambers, D.C.L., were among those present on this occasion. For full particulars, see *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 11, Vol. v.

Professor Faraday was one of those invited, and on this occasion he might have had, what on the former occasion he had thought so necessary, a programme; inasmuch as with the Davenports the same general order of phenomena, and in the same sequence, usually take place; this time, however, the demand was not repeated, but while acknowledging the courteous invitation of the Brothers, he expressed himself "disappointed" and "tired" with the "manifestations" and "the spirits;" and therefore left them "in the hands of the professors of legerdemain."

Our readers can now judge for themselves concerning Faraday's relations to Spiritualism, and as to what his opinions on the subject were likely to be worth. In the remarks we have made, and in the little *resumé* of facts we have given, we have no wish to reflect upon the great man who is no longer visibly in our midst. We can well understand that to one like him who had spent a long life, and whose time and thought must have been almost wholly engrossed, in those researches and experiments in natural science which, in his hands had led to such immediate and valuable results, Spiritualism must have seemed a strange, new, and not very promising field for scientific investigation. But, then, it must be borne in mind that a man's authority in any matter is strictly limited to the extent he has made himself acquainted with it, and that his attainments in one department of knowledge, however eminent, gives him no qualification to speak with authority in any other foreign thereto. In religion, Professor Faraday belonged to the Sandemanians or Glassites—an obscure sect formed by two Scotchmen named Sandeman and Glasse—and we are told by the *Daily Telegraph* that, as an elder in this Church, he sometimes held forth in their meetings at a little chapel in Goswell Street. Still, no one outside his own denomination would probably think of quoting Professor Faraday as an authority in theology; and *à fortiori*, in Spiritualism his authority is even less admissible; for here, while his knowledge was singularly weak, his prejudices were remarkably strong; and, having pronounced a hasty judgment with somewhat of that dogmatic spirit which is usually the accompaniment of imperfect knowledge, he refused, as we have seen, to make that further investigation which would have enabled him to strengthen the one, and to correct the other.

The facts we have narrated are evidence that Spiritualists have no fear, but every confidence, in the results of an honest, scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Some years ago the Spiritualists of the United States presented to Congress a Memorial, numerous signed, requesting the appointment of a Scientific Commission to thoroughly inves-

tigate the phenomena exciting so much attention throughout the land; and that the Spiritualists of this country are equally sincere, earnest, and well assured of the facts to which they testify, is, in a measure, shewn by their putting themselves to some trouble and going out of their way to court investigation at the hands of, perhaps, the greatest man in his own department of science that his generation and country have produced; and this, notwithstanding his known prejudices in the matter.

Still, though we cannot be blind to this particular weakness, we consider that Faraday has a special claim upon our gratitude as Spiritualists. Few men have done more than he to prepare the way for Spiritualism, though he may have laboured all unconsciously of the work he was doing in this direction. He was an explorer, and a most successful one, in that border-land which lies, as it were, midway between the two worlds. Even our dull journalists recognise this when they speak of "the victories achieved by Faraday's strong thought in this new and semi-spiritual region;"—the region of the impalpable and imponderable, of the subtle occult elements and forces which seem to link together the natural and the spiritual, and which, there is every reason to believe, serve as the media through which the spiritual acts upon the grosser forms of matter. One of the ripest conclusions of Faraday was that matter, in its last analysis, was resolvable into *points of force*;—a conclusion strengthened by the most advanced science of our time. Points of force. Yes! And what beyond? Will the materialist reply—*Nothing*. What, then, is force,—unintelligent, impersonal force, the ultimate fact of the universe? Is *that* the final, efficient cause of this wondrous Cosmos, with all its marvellous beauty; and of the higher Cosmos, Man, with all his manifold affections and intelligence? Have we at last torn aside the veil of Isis to find only the eternal ceaseless play of unconscious force? On the contrary, does not our highest reason on the data furnished by science *compel* the conclusion that force can be only the *manifestation of the energies of Personal Will*? demonstrating the truth of Bacon's axiom, that "a little philosophy" (*viz.*, Natural Science) "inclineth man's mind to Atheism; but *depth* in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." Science has at least now fairly exploded the old gross materialism, and reduces the question to the above simple issue, as to which *no* thinking man, it seems to us, can long remain in doubt.

To Faraday and his fellow-labourers we are largely indebted

for bringing home this result, and for enlarging the boundaries of our knowledge in directions that seem most nearly allied to, though separate from and not to be confounded with, the spiritual. Thus has man advanced in his knowledge of Nature; from gross to subtle, from solid to fluid, from the aqueous to the gaseous, from thence again, to those auras, ethers, forces, which surround, permeate, and operate throughout its vast domain. Shall we stop here? Can we do so? Are we not, in the now demonstrated facts of vito-magnetic action, and in the still farther developments of Modern Spiritualism, already on the frontiers of the new realm of spiritual science, thus ending one cycle and beginning another in that infinite spiral of ascension from Matter to Spirit, from Man to God?

*The Daily Telegraph*, in a leading article on Faraday, has this concluding paragraph:—

“How, then, can any but those who have the right of personal sorrow lament the death of such a man, dying so happily, with all his nobly used faculties possessed to the end, and his life lived out from birth to death like that of the rich fruit which was a blossom when the spring began, falling ripe and perfect before the winter sets in? The wise Confucius would not write the word ‘death’ in all his philosophy. In a Chinese college, indeed, it is accounted bad manners and gross ignorance if you mention the word; and it really does seem absurd in relation to the closing of a career which, all its ‘life long,’ has been reaching beyond the boundary of visible things. Can it, indeed, be that the ardent passion of that pure and truthful soul which yesterday would have helped us with joy to such truths as it had attained, is to-day ‘vacant of its glorious gains,’ and satiated by the cup of Death of its old eternal thirst for more and more, and still more, of God’s lovely secrets? Shall *we* go on, and our children after us, discovering what puzzled *him*?—stepping surely where even *he* faltered, and leaving Michael Faraday’s gravestone to be the limit-mark of *his* share in these approaching wonders? What a contradiction it seems? What a folly and a fallacy appears the terror of death set thus in the light of one gentle, pure, and steady-shining life! Religion, Reason, Instinct and Hope agree in saying, at the grave of one who solved so many mysteries, that the arch-mystery of all must and will also have a beautiful solution. He is ‘gone a little nearer to the Lord of all the wise ones, to the Master of all teachers,’ as the poet sings; and as for those chambers of the palace of science which he unlocks no more for us, is there not always in the Arabian story a final chamber, a very secret pavilion, which must not be opened to the companions of the favoured adventurer, but into which he passes

himself with the last key left of all the fifty upon the bunch which the good genius gave him? Ah! who doubts, if all those other palace-chambers were so fair and splendid, that the portal through which our Master disappears hides from us wonders worthy of the last key—answers fit for the parting prayer of the Philosopher, whose passion throughout life was ever to come into the glorious presence of the Truth?" T. S.

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## PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

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### SPIRIT VOICES.

SINCE the remarkable *séance* related by me in the last number of this Magazine, I have made several visits to the Marshalls, accompanied by different friends, and have had additional evidence of the undoubted reality of the vocal exhibitions of which I have spoken. There is no question that distinct individualities mark the two voices of John King and his companion Kate, nor that these voices do not belong nor bear the remotest resemblance to those of either Mr. or Mrs. Marshall, who are the mediums, nor to those of any other persons present. They appear to be *the same voices as those I have twice heard in the presence of the Davenports*, the tone and articulation however being clearer and more natural than when I heard them before. In most instances John or Kate gave the names and occupations of those who accompanied me, and on one occasion three of the persons were strangers to the mediums. To one, a well known *litterateur*, Kate said, "You are writing a book—I was at your chambers this evening with Mr. Coleman when you were finishing that article for the ——— newspaper, and I impressed you to accompany him."

To Professor Gunning who was with me on one occasion, John said, "I see you are fretting. You should be more cheerful." The Professor asked "What do you think disturbs me?" John replied "I suppose the loss of your wife; but she is always with you; she is standing by your side now, and so is your child." (The Professor has lost his wife and only child). After some further observations of this character, Professor Gunning said, "I wish John you would not—" Before the sentence was finished John turned to me and said, "Ah, that's you, Mr. Coleman, you have been telling tales of me; how would you like your faults to be exposed?" Nothing could be more

ready and natural in tone than this remonstrance. Professor Gunning then said, "I don't want to talk with you, John, any more, I wish Kate to speak to me." "Oh, don't you?" said John, as if huffed, "I shall speak to my friend Coleman then;" and at once, in the most natural and easy way, he commenced talking to me in a somewhat subdued tone, whilst Kate talked to the Professor, so that we both realized the fact of the two voices speaking for some minutes at the same time. This was new to me, and I think a proof of the separate individualities of the two invisible speakers.

The Reverend S. E. Bengough, who accompanied me on another occasion, has written me a letter upon the subject, which from want of space I regret I cannot give *in extenso*, but from which I make the following extracts:—

"Since it is desirable to accumulate a variety of testimony to such unprecedented phenomena as may now be witnessed at Mrs. Marshall's, perhaps you may find room in 'Passing Events' for a report of the *séance* at which I was present. . . . . For a few moments I felt rather uncomfortable, but speedily acquired confidence. The singular liberties which John takes with his visitors are attended with danger only to those who exhibit signs of bad faith and unworthy suspicions. . . . .

"But much more wonderful than the mere voice of John was the inimitable, vivacious individuality from which it proceeded. . . . . If it be objected that some parts of the exhibition are vulgar and repulsive; still vulgar and repulsive aspects of humanity are sometimes very instructive; just as unsavoury scenes in Houndsditch or St. Giles are not only worthy of study in themselves, but also cast a lurid light upon the perfumed existence of Belgravia and Pall Mall. Of course the newspaper writers would say that all these things were clearly to be referred to concealed wires, clever ventriloquism through tubes, and general obfuscation of the faculties of those who were fools enough to assist at such an exhibition, and the Press would display thereby far less intelligence, not to say courtesy, than the much abused John King. That curious entity, however, can be serious, as we afterwards found out in the sequel of the *séance*, for he actually undertook to talk theology, and did it very well too.

"He moreover confessed that he was heartily sick of being bound to this poor world, but that he was obliged for his punishment and for providential ends to play his peculiar *rôle* in it, and tried accordingly to amuse himself, and make the best of a bad matter; he said this, as you will remember, in so many words. It is not necessary in this place to state in detail what he said upon religious topics; suffice it to add, that his sympathies seem

to be fairly orthodox, and he actually had the presumption to accuse me, a clergyman, of holding incorrect opinions, and to my amazement revealed to all present, my most cherished ideas, which he declared he 'read upon my heart.' . . . . .

"On the whole the *séance* gave me more the impression of REALITY than anything I have yet encountered in my investigation of Spiritualism."

I may add that in the course of the *séance*, to which Mr. Bengough refers, John asked me to sing, and said he would accompany me upon the guitar. I transferred the honour to Mr. Marshall, who sang a plaintive air, and John thrummed the strings in tolerable tune, but he is not a musical genius. I then suggested that John should himself sing the air *with* Mr. Marshall, which he did in a somewhat discordant tone through one verse. I then asked him to whistle the tune, and this too he managed, but in imperfect time; it is, therefore, a fact, which can be attested by three of us who were present, that the spirit sung and whistled an accompaniment to the air Mr. Marshall was singing, and that should put an end to the suspicion that ventriloquism has anything to do with these marvellous manifestations.

I have to mention another interesting incident which occurred at this sitting. It will be remembered that the first time I went with Truth Seeker (see last month's Magazine) John voluntarily said, "Come here next Friday, and I will take your daughter's likeness for you;" and that I went on Friday, taking with me two plain cards, marked with my initials, which as soon as I had put upon the centre of the table were spirited away, and that John excused himself from fulfilling his promise on account of the number of sceptics who were present. Each time since then I had asked John for the promised likeness, but was put off: on this occasion I repeated my request, saying, I did not believe that he would ever make the likeness, but that he might as well return me the cards and tell me where they had been hidden for a fortnight. At his request I put my hand in the centre of the table and immediately a card was put directly into it. I said, "Is this really one of my cards?" "Yes." "Is there anything upon it?" "Yes, a likeness of *Agapé* as she is, and a likeness of Mrs. Coleman as she will be; but," he added, "they are not so well done as I could wish, you were in such a hurry you see; but I will do the other better. Tell Mrs. Coleman not to criticise the drawings, I know they are not well done." Upon taking the card to the light, I found on one side a very fairly drawn figure of angel-like form, with flowing drapery, bearing a cross upon her shoulder, and the word "*Agapé*;" and on the other side a queenly-looking figure with a coronet on the head and a sceptre in her hand, intended for Mrs. Coleman.

Neither of them are likenesses, but the fact is curious, and interesting. I have now no doubt that I shall at some future *séance* receive the other card with a drawing, but I hardly expect it will be a likeness of my daughter as she appeared in her earth-life.\*

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OTHER SEANCES AT THE MARSHALLS'.

The following are some additional facts which took place during the several visits I have made to the Marshalls since the preceding account. Asking the question, as I am accustomed to do when bringing a friend for the first time, (and in several instances they were, as I have said, entire strangers to the mediums,) "Do you know my friend on my left?" "Yes, John Thomson, he's an artist. You'll succeed, sir, in that picture of the Madonna."

"Tell me the lady's name to whom I am pointing" (be it remembered the darkness was so complete no one could see). "You never saw her before, I know." "Yes I have; I saw her this morning when she came to your house and brought Mrs. Coleman a present. Her name is Ann," which was perfectly correct both as to the fact of the visit, and the name.

"Now, John, there are two ladies on my right who wish you to speak to them; tell them something which you think will interest them." "This lady's name is N——, she has a daughter standing by her side; she was very beautiful; she will help you to complete that portrait you are copying."

To the other he said, "Mrs. B——, your mother's spirit is with you; she wishes you to go on with the music." Both remarks were quite pertinent.

I had on one occasion left a friend in another room for a short time. John said, "Oh, you may as well ask him to come in, he is listening to all you say at the door," which I at once opened, and found my friend there. None of us knew that fact.

On another occasion there were two friends with me, strangers to each other,—one, Mr. G——, had been a frequent visitor at the Marshalls', and had before talked with John some three or four times. Though fully satisfied of the reality of the phenomena, this gentleman does not believe in their spiritual character, but like many others, he "does not pretend to explain."

The other, Mr. F——, had never been at the Marshalls', but

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\* At a subsequent visit the second card, identified by my initials, was returned to me with a drawing in pencil of a female figure and the word *Agapé*. The drawing is much more artistic than that which is on the first card, but I can trace no likeness to my daughter.

is an old convert to Spiritualism. With this gentleman, John, after addressing him by his name, and making special allusion to a remarkable fact connected with his daughter's spiritual experiences,—kept up an animated conversation which turned to a theological character. John asked a question as to his belief, which Mr. F—— answered at considerable length, John, interjecting his approval of Mr. F——'s sentiments, by saying, "Quite right, quite right!" Then, turning immediately to Mr. G——, he said, "There, G——, that's a sermon for your good." I said, "Does Mr. G—— not believe in the Bible?" "Not he; why he is the greatest infidel you ever met." During this *séance* I was telling my friends of some incidents of former evenings and mentioned having had perfume brought on one occasion. "Would you like some now?" John asked. "Very much! do you think you can manage it?" "I'll see! I'll send Kate." An active conversation then went on for about five minutes, when John said, "Shut your eyes," and presently there came pouring upon each of our heads a gentle spray of delicate perfume lasting for a moment or two; it ran down over our faces obliging us to use our pocket handkerchiefs, mine retained the scent, which John said was "Ess. Bouquet," for at least 48 hours. Immediately afterwards without giving warning to any one, and whilst John was talking, I struck a light, when the cardboard trumpet through which he was speaking was seen by all of us to tumble from a point just above Mrs. Marshall's head, and upon examining the table I could not find a trace of the scented liquid with which each of us had been so profusely sprinkled.

Darkness being restored, John sharply rebuked me, and warned me not to do that again. I explained that as he and I were engaged in the same work he must let me do as I pleased. "Well," he said, "I like you, and before you go I should like to say a word to you privately." "Say it now, there is nothing, I think, that my friends may not hear." "No, I will tell it to you when your friends are gone."

My friends having retired to the adjoining room, John said to me in a tone of voice, and with much clearer articulation than is usual:—"I want to prove to you that I am acquainted with your private affairs, and that I am watching over you. I have seen that you have been very anxious for more than a week past about ——. I know that it will be all right, don't be anxious about that;" and he added in a cheerful tone, poking me at the same time in the breast, "there now, you see I am a friend of yours, don't you scold me any more, and talk to me with such a long face." I said, "John, you certainly impress me more and more favourably, I am obliged to believe in your intelligence, but I don't believe in your prophetic power." "Well, well," he

replied, "you will see that I am right in a few days."\* Upon this particular evening John kept up a most animated conversation, whilst Kate also spoke occasionally. She said, in a tone somewhat like entreaty:—"Wouldn't you like to speak to me Mr. Coleman?" "Yes, I should very much, but John monopolises our attention." Several observations were made, when John broke in, in an authoritative voice, and said, "Come now, you have talked to her long enough."

One more incident which occurred on this evening, will tend I think to establish John's claim to be considered a distinct individuality possessing much intelligence.

"Can any of you," he said, "repeat the names of the twelve Apostles?" We thought we could, but it turned out that we really could not, three times John corrected us, saying:—"He wasn't an Apostle!" I asked John to repeat them, but he refused, and referred me to the 10th chapter of Matthew, 3rd verse.

In concluding my record for the present of these very remarkable manifestations, I pronounce a decided opinion which I am sure can never be controverted. I say that the voices we heard on the several occasions spoken of, are real voices proceeding from an invisible intelligent entity; that they are not produced by any human agency whatever; that the entity who calls himself John King does many things which no one present can control; that he reveals facts and utters sentiments which at the time are not in the mind of any one who hears them; and that whilst our sense of sight is shut out by impenetrable darkness, he exercises a clear vision of all that is going on around us in that state of darkness.

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#### THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

I had intended to give an epitome of the various statements made by the special correspondents of the English papers regarding the proceedings of Jacob, the healing medium; but for the most part they are so palpably false and illogical, that it would be a waste of time to comment on them at any length. I will therefore merely say that whilst all accounts admit that the Zouave practises without fee or reward, and that many persons have said they were cured of long standing ailments, and that crowds assembled daily to cheer the patients as they came from the Zouave's room without their bandages and crutches; yet these veracious correspondents announced at length that this

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\* I am making this record a few days after that communication, and although I am not able to say that John's prophecy is fulfilled, circumstances have occurred which make me less anxious upon the point to which he alluded, and which I may add was literally as he described it.

disinterested benefactor of the poor afflicted people of Paris was but a sorry impostor after all; and for this reason—he did not succeed in curing Marshal Forey of paralysis. Some friend believed, from what he had seen and heard, in the Zouave's healing power, and pressed him against his own wish to go to Marshal Forey. It was generally rumoured at first that Jacob had been as successful with the Marshal as he had been with Count Chateau Villard, and hundreds of others who had *gone to him*, for in that may lie all the difference between success and failure. The man repeatedly announced that he could not cure all who came before him; but he certainly did effect cures of many whom the doctors had failed to cure. That fact however goes for nothing with some of the clever fellows who command the columns of our press. Marshal Forey was not, as reported, restored to health, and the humane Zouave, who will accept neither money nor thanks, is denounced by them as an impudent impostor.

The readers of this Magazine are aware that there are many men in America who have in a greater or lesser degree the gift of healing, and pre-eminently among them stands Dr. Newton, who has succeeded under conditions precisely similar to the Zouave's in relieving thousands of sufferers;\* and there must be tens of thousands in Europe, and hundreds of thousands in America, who know that this healing power is a great reality, and who will smile with pity on the lamentable ignorance which the press in England displays upon such subjects.

The following is a correct translation of an extract from the *Petit Journal* of Paris, with the Count Chateau Villard's letter to the *Patrie* newspaper, which will serve as a faithful historical record of

#### THE ZOUAVE JACOB'S SUCCESS AS A HEALING MEDIUM.

“We have several times alluded to the Zouave Jacob, garrisoned at Versailles; but who comes to Paris to effect his marvellous cures.

“What is the secret of all this, and has he any? Is he gifted with a degree of magnetic influence unrecognized until now? How are the various cures of suffering people to be explained? We can give no opinion; all we know is, that the house in

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\* The Editor of the *Portland Daily Evening Star*, September 12, 1866, makes the following remarks upon Dr. Newton:—“We can only say that the ministrations of this man have been scarcely less than miraculous. Hundreds have been raised from sickness to apparent health by a touch of his hand. We do not write this as a puff at all; we are as much at fault in regard to this wonderful man as any member of the community. But through some agency—Spiritualism he claims—he has made cures never performed, to our knowledge, by any other living man.”

which he operates is continually attended by invalids, one after the other takes his ticket in order to arrive in turn.

"We must add that the Zouave will receive no money, gifts, or thanks; he will accept literally nothing! All these facts are attested by an honourable witness in the person of the Count Chateau Villard, residing at 60, Rue St Lazare, who writes as follows to the *Patrie* newspaper:—

"Sir,—Reading in the newspapers that I had offered a part of my private residence to the Zouave Jacob, I beg of you to be so good as to insert, that I have made the offer only in the event of his being forced to quit his quarters in the Rue Roquette.

"God knows that I have no wish to take him away from the poor afflicted who will know well where to find him; I have made the offer in gratitude, and for the benefit of humanity.

"I had heard such extraordinary things of the Zouave, that, paralyzed as I was, I had a desire to attend one of his *séances*; I took my lady with me, who has been a continual sufferer also, and I here state what actually occurred.

"On arriving in the Rue Roquette, where there was a stoppage, I alighted from my carriage with the aid of my valet, and a kind working man who hastened to take my other arm. These two assisted me to the workshop of Monsieur Dufayet. In this condition I arrived at the door, where a person who could not be bribed refused me admission without a numbered ticket; my secretary, who by a fortunate accident happened to know the principal clerk of M. Dufayet, beckoned to him, and he seeing my state of impotence allowed me to enter into the court, crowded with sick people. The arrangements of the Zouave are that those who are at the worst should be treated first.

"My lady began to weep at seeing so much misery. There was a lady who had brought her daughter; she stated that the child was being treated within; that she herself was not allowed to assist, inasmuch that the doors are only open to actual invalids. I observed after, the young girl come out, and walk to the vehicle which had brought her, followed by her mother. This same girl had been taken to the place carried by a man.

"I also noticed a man with a distorted neck, unable to walk, make his exit jumping with joy; whilst the plaudits of the crowd, and persons from that quarter of the town who recognized him, joined in.

"We were introduced at last to the chamber, which may really be designated the miracle chamber. I saw there a human being frightfully afflicted, paralyzed and incredibly ill, brought in by M. Dufayet and his assistants, and placed in chairs closely packed one against the other.

“As soon as the apartment was full, the Zouave entered and said, “No one must speak unless I interrogate him, otherwise I leave you.” Here the greatest stillness reigned. He then went round telling each one what was the matter with him, and without touching them, he said, “Rise up,” and those that had been paralyzed arose; I am one of the number, and raised myself without the slightest effort.

“At the end of about twenty minutes he told us all to retire, and amidst profound silence each one left. My wife, more polite than I, wanted to thank him; he immediately imposed silence, and said, “Other sufferers await me; you are cured; let that suffice—begone!”

“On going out, I was much crowded upon by persons asking affectionately of what had occurred; and I regained my carriage without any help, walking upon a very badly paved street where the best man might find it awkward.

“From that time forth my wife also has been marvellously well. There is an extraordinary fact connected with this strange circumstance which it gives me pleasure to relate; the street is crowded with sick people; not only one is desirous to give a helping hand but all seem to forget their ailments in their interest to help others.

“Can it be that this immense charitable influence spreads itself from one source into the hearts of all?

“I am, &c.

“(Signed) CHATEAU VILLARD.

“Paris, August, 1867.”

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More than one-half of the columns of *Le Petit Journal*—a paper of the largest circulation in Paris—was occupied for several days in September with a fair and impartial account of Jacob's past and present history, and of his undoubted success as a healer. One of the editors of this paper, it appears, made Jacob's acquaintance at the Camp of Châlons in August, 1866, where his fame created as great an excitement at that time as it has recently done in Paris; and the editor vouches for a cure of a long-standing complaint of a woman who was a servant in his family.

The crowds that assembled daily around Jacob's tent at the Camp of Chalons obliged the officer in command to put an end to Jacob's practice of his great and undoubted “gift of healing.”

Anxious to obtain direct and reliable information of Jacob's proceedings in Paris, I wrote to my friend, Mr. Samuel Chinnery, who resides there, and I have received the following interesting letter from him, by which it will be seen that Jacob

and his patron, M. Dufayet (who is engaged in extensive business as a refiner of metals), are Spiritualists :—

“ Paris,

“ 9th September, 1867.

“ Dear Mr. Coleman,—Yesterday I called on M. Dufayet, in the Rue Roquette, Jacob’s friend. I was exceedingly pleased with his kindly manner, and I am not at all surprised that he should be selected to help the grand cause in which Jacob is engaged. Poor Jacob is in prison for eight days for violating barrack rules ; they say his leave of absence was wrongly signed. But I think it is a paltry pretext arising out of the pressure put on the authorities by the medical profession and the clergy, more particularly the former.

“ I am told that Jacob has been a thorough Spiritualist from his infancy, and possesses a number of faculties of an extraordinary kind. For instance, his drawings are most beautiful, and the delineation of trees, flowers, and fruits, purporting to be representations of growths in the planet Venus, exquisite. He has the power of describing the moral and physical condition of each member of a family upon seeing one of the family only, and the ordinary physical spiritual manifestations are intensified in him to a great degree. M. Dufayet says his character and conduct are excellent, and that he is altogether a fit subject for a mission of the highest order.

“ M. Dufayet states that all his own friends have been against his taking part in the movement. His business has declined, and he was subjected to a daily outlay of 150 francs. In the neighbourhood he has been threatened by some principals of a faction with assassination, and the penalty of having his premises burned down. He has gone through unheard-of difficulty and danger, and was unable to obtain the slightest assistance from the police when quite 20,000 people daily thronged to the street and yard of his premises. Nevertheless, he has gone bravely and confidently on, feeling that he was called to a high duty, and that he must undergo that strange suffering which uniformly attends the pioneers of a great benefit to humanity.

“ The exigencies of the people have been so great, whilst on the other hand the faction against Jacob and M. Dufayet has been so powerful, that the antagonists have nearly created a small revolution. Large assemblies are contrary to government rules, and the fear was that unscrupulous people might make them a pretext for starting a political disturbance.

“ I saw Jacob’s father yesterday ; he appears to be a fine soldierly-looking old fellow, of about 70 years of age. M. Dufayet told me that *he* has the gift of seeing spirits, and describes often

those surrounding individuals as they are engaged in their worldly avocations.

"There are two or three English Spiritualists interesting themselves about Jacob here; one of them is intimate with the Court people and is trying to obtain Jacob's freedom. M. Dufayet tells me it was proposed to emancipate Jacob by paying for a substitute, but he himself does not want that. It is supposed, however, that he will yield, if the authorities will allow him to leave the army; but I doubt whether they will give permission, unless he left the country.

"I have just seen one of the patients, named 'Mouton,' the daughter of a respectable tavern keeper, 24, Rue Trevisé, close by my residence. The child was paralyzed and half witted, her head from the shoulder, and the left and right arms were distorted from early age. Her age is about eight years. She is now perfectly well and healthy in mind and exceedingly lively and happy, and there are hundreds of such instances.

"My dear Mr. Coleman, I am, yours truly,  
"SL. CHINNERY."

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#### A SERIES OF PHENOMENA IN ONE FAMILY.

Mr. C——, M.A., of St. John's, Cambridge, called at my residence recently, to make me acquainted with some of his own and his family's experiences, and to ask whether they would come under the category of spiritual manifestations, of which he professed to know little or nothing, having only seen a copy of the *Spiritual Magazine* for the first time two or three days before our interview. He said that between himself and his mother there had always existed a strong mental sympathy, so that he frequently read her thoughts, even when they were temporarily separated. As an illustration of this peculiar power which he does not attempt to explain—he mentioned an instance when, returning from town to dinner, he told his mother he was impressed with the knowledge of a secret which a neighbour had that afternoon confidentially imparted to her, and at once he repeated the facts, and, as his mother acknowledged, almost in the exact words which had been spoken. In like manner he could at times impress his own thoughts upon another, causing the person so impressed to repeat the unexpressed thought in his mind. Mr. C—— is also "a dreamer," seeing, as he expressed it, in his dreams, places which he had never visited, and incidents which afterwards occurred, but none of which had any special significance or were of any apparent service to him. On one occasion a gentleman invited him to make a visit to his house for the first time, and upon entering it, everything around him

was quite familiar to his eye; he had seen the house in "a dream," and all its special arrangements were just as he had then seen them.

Whilst at the university he dreamed one night that an accident had happened to his mother whilst she was on her way to visit some friends; he saw that the carriage had broken down and had tumbled backwards, but his mother was unhurt. He wrote home and learned that no such accident had occurred. Two months subsequently, however, the vision was realised. His mother was driving to these friends, the carriage broke down, tumbling backwards, and she escaped uninjured.

On another occasion, he dreamt that he had renewed an old acquaintance with a lady he had not seen for some years, and that they had taken a walk together by the side of a stream. A few days after he unexpectedly met this lady, called upon her and proposed a walk, when she led him to the side of the stream, just as it had been foreshadowed. Mr. C—— mentioned several other incidents which had occurred to him in this way, but all were alike of the most trivial character, not leading to any practical object, and hence he was troubled and anxious to obtain, if possible, a solution of them. I could not give him a satisfactory interpretation further than to suggest that these realised dreams, or spiritual impressions, might be a sort of discipline, or preparatory state of unfolding in him a power which may ultimately lead to more important results, and upon which results he would more confidently rely by reason of his past experiences.

Mr. C—— informed me of other family legends recorded by his mother which have a more direct bearing upon spiritual phenomena. One was especially interesting to me, though he said it was so extraordinary he hardly liked to mention it, but his mother vouched for its truth. It is similar to the story I related in the July number of this Magazine of a spirit reanimating the body after death, but Mr. C—— said he had not read that narrative, as he had never seen any but the August number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, as I have already stated.

A cousin of his mother's, whose name and residence were given to me, died; preparations were being made for his funeral, and two or three days after, when about to put his corpse into the coffin, several members of the family standing by, the man opened his eyes and said:—"I have been dead, but I have been allowed to come back for two hours, to do an act of justice in the disposal of my property. Lift me on to the sofa! Ah, you find me very heavy!—a lifeless body is heavy." He then gave full instructions about the property, and at the expiration of two hours, as he had predicted, his spirit finally passed away.

Another of Mr. C——'s stories is worth recording:—Two of his mother's sisters, one a widow, on a visit with her married sister, whose husband had left home for a day or two, were preparing for bed in the same room. The married sister was at the glass arranging her hair, when she suddenly screamed and fell fainting upon the floor; her sister running to her assistance, was startled to see the form of the absent husband reflected in the glass, which it appears the wife had also seen, and which had caused her agitation. On the following day they heard that the husband returning at night to his friend's house where he was visiting was thrown from his horse at the hour his apparition was seen by both ladies, and though seriously injured, he was not killed, and ultimately recovered.

Mr. C—— said he had been talking over these events with a friend, Mr. S——, of Hammersmith, and he told him that there was residing next door an old lady and her daughter, who had recently been disturbed by an incident for which they could not account. An hour or two after the old lady had retired to bed, the daughter lying on the sofa saw her mother enter the room, from which she immediately retired again, the daughter following the figure up stairs when it suddenly disappeared, and entering her mother's room found the old lady sound asleep. Nothing followed to account for this apparition.

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#### SONG AND MUSIC WRITTEN BY A SPIRIT.

In Vol. VI. of this Magazine, page 187, I gave an account of a remarkable dream described by Mons. N. G. Bach, "one of the most honoured and esteemed professors of music in Paris," which had then recently occurred to him, when, as it seemed to him, a man dressed in the costume of the time of Henry III. spoke to him, and told him the history of a spinette which his son, Leon Bach, had just bought for him at an old curiosity shop. It will be recollected that the man of the dream then played a few notes upon the spinette, and sung the air with such expression, that M. Bach awoke in tears, and found in the morning, on his bed, a page of music with the words in very fine writing, &c., &c.

It is said that M. Bach, who resided at No. 3, Rue Castellane, soon came to the conclusion that what he at first called "a remarkable dream" was a spiritual manifestation, though he had never before even heard of such occurrences in modern times. "What," he said, "was I to think of the tangible, visible proof of somebody's having been really there, afforded by the presence of this written music, this actual copy of the verses I had heard in my dream?"

M. Bach, however, had further evidence which satisfied him of the spiritual character of this so-called dream, as it must do every other person who believes his statement of the following facts. "About a month after my dream I had a violent headache, and a nervous trembling of my hand, which I could not account for. Suddenly, having heard of 'writing mediums,' the thought struck me, perhaps Baltazarini (musician to Henri III.) is wishing to make me write. I took a pencil, and held it on a sheet of paper—my hand wrote a verse of four lines saying that the king had given the spinette to Baltazarini. The turn of this verse being obscure, my hand then wrote as follows:—  
'King Henri, my master, who gave me the spinette you possess, had written a *quatrain* on a piece of parchment, which he had nailed inside the case and sent to me. Some years afterwards, having to take a journey, and fearing, as I took the spinette with me to play on, that the parchment might be torn off, and that I might not lose it, I put it into a little hiding-place to the left of the key board, where it still is.'

"As at that time," M. Bach continues, "my spinette had been lent to the Retrospective Museum, in the Palace of Industry, I could not ascertain whether this was true or not: but, as soon as the spinette was brought back to me, my son and I searched carefully for this parchment, but could see nothing of it. At last, having taken it almost to pieces, we found a niche under the hammers, so small that we could not get at it without taking out several of them; and there, hidden under the dust and cobwebs of 300 years we found a piece of parchment, blackened by time, 30 centimetres long and seven and a half wide, on which, when we had cleaned it, we found the verse alluded to, and running thus:—

'Moy le Roy Henri trois octroy cette espinette  
A Baltazarini, mon gay musicien,  
Mais sis dit mal sone, ou bien (ma) moult simplette  
Lors, pour mon souvenir dous l'estro garde bien.'

The writing and signature, it is added, are exactly similar to those of Henry III. M. Bach says, "No one could imagine the meaning of the word (MA) surrounded by a line as you see. But one day my hand was again moved, and these words were written, 'Amico mio—The king joked about my accent in the verse he sent with the spinette, I always said *ma* instead of *mais*.'"

#### A NEGRO SPIRITUAL PUNDIT.

The *New York Times* of August 13th, 1867, contains an account of a learned Negro named *Said*, an African, only 30 years of age, who without schooling of any kind, has acquired—in addition to English and his native language—

Arabic, Turkish, Russian, Hebrew, Greek, German, French and Italian, some more perfectly than others, but in most cases he is so far proficient that he can read, write, and speak them with ease and accuracy. It is not as might be supposed, a mere parrot-like faculty, for he has, it is said, a deep perception of their genius and affinities, and in some instances a fair, and in others a profound acquaintance with their literature.

Said was born at Bornu, Central Africa, and at an early age was captured—while out hunting in the woods with some boyish companions—by a party of Bedouins, and carried to Tripoli, where he was sold to a trader, who sent him to Constantinople; there he entered the service of Reschid Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1852 he was transferred to the service of Prince Menschikoff, the Russian Minister at the Sublime Porte, and after travelling with the Prince's son through most parts of Europe, Said ultimately went to America and entered the army, joining the 55th Massachusetts, a coloured regiment, in 1863. At the close of the war the regiment was disbanded in South Carolina, and he was forced to take employment upon a plantation at St. Andrew's Island, belonging to Dr. Sim, who was Medical Director during the war of *Sickle's Corps*. The doctor having discovered the remarkable character of Said's accomplishments set him up in a school, which he now keeps at St. Andrew's Island, and he has been appointed a Member of the Board for the parish in which he lives.

The history of this learned Negro has a special interest for Spiritualists, inasmuch as he has recently become a student of Swedenborg's writings, the reading of which has, it is said, made a complete transformation of his inner nature, as he has found that the teachings of the Swedish Seer respond to all that was most intimate in his spiritual being, though not previously understood by him. He says, he *knows* from an inner consciousness and his own experiences, that Swedenborg is right, and that he sees the spiritual world much more clearly than the natural world. In this we obtain a key to this Negro's so-called self-acquired learning and wonderful aptitude for languages.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Gray, of New York, or Mr. Robert Dale Owen, or Mr. A. E. Newton, who is connected with the Freed Men's Bureau, at Washington, will make this pundit's acquaintance and tell us something more of his spiritual knowledge and experiences.

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#### SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

Professor W. D. Gunning, of Boston, a geologist, who is at present in London, has given me some interesting facts connected

with the spread of Spiritualism in America, where he says the belief is becoming all but universal; and he thinks Judge Edmonds' estimate of numbers is tolerably correct. Amongst the open and proclaimed believers may be ranked a large number of the Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives. He mentioned in this category of avowed believers the names of Vice-President Wade, Judge Ladd, Chief Justice Chase, Lloyd Garrison, Professor Bushnell, Governor Andrew, Horace Greeley (the editor of the *Tribune* newspaper), T. W. Higginson (editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*), the Rev. Dr. Tyng (of Newport, one of the most popular preachers of the Established Church), Waldo Emerson, Professor Longfellow, and many others eminent in politics and literature.

Professor Gunning also states that none of the Boston papers are opposed to, whilst some uphold Spiritualism; and that the Music Hall in Boston, which contains 3,000 persons, is crowded to overflowing every Sunday evening to hear the Spiritualist speakers.

Professor Gunning's own conversion was brought about by the following incident. He was sorrowing for the recent loss of his wife, when he was invited by a friend to accompany him to visit a family with whom he, Professor Gunning, was unacquainted.

In the course of the evening he observed that one of the ladies, a writing medium, was much disturbed by a nervous tremor of her hand, and for some time endeavoured, as she afterwards explained, to resist the "influence," to which, however, she was obliged to yield. Taking a pencil and paper, she commenced writing, and in a short time handed to him the sheet, which, to his great joy and surprise, contained a loving message from his wife, signed with her name, and in which the names of several friends and relatives were mentioned, the writing and signature being identical with that of his late wife. Prior to this time the Professor, though he had heard much of the subject, and did not doubt the testimony of others, had not himself taken an active interest in the investigation of Spiritualism. But this incident touched him so closely, and conveyed to his mind such irresistible evidence of a great reality, that he at once became a thorough believer and applied himself to a close study of the subject. Professor Gunning said to me, "Though there may be disagreeable phases and objectionable phenomena to be met with here and there, which I admit, how can I be repulsed by them when I have such a fact to stand by?"

Professor Gunning has devoted the best part of a year—it is barely twelve months since he became an avowed believer—to collecting evidence and examining witnesses to fortify his faith,

and with his consent I give my readers a few of the facts which he related to me.

He recently attended a *séance* at the private residence of Mrs. Cushman, of Boston, where he witnessed a manifestation which, among other curious things, he says is of common occurrence through this lady's mediumship. A guitar being laid upon the table, it is lifted by the spirits some two or three feet, and whilst it is thus held suspended, in open daylight, various pieces of music are beautifully played upon it though no visible agency is seen.

Something of a similar character, which Professor Gunning affirms as a fact within his own knowledge, occurs frequently with the Rev. Dr. S——, who is a confirmed believer, and who has personal experiences of a peculiarly interesting character. He has hanging on the wall of his library a guitar, which belonged to his wife, who died more than 20 years ago. The Rev. Doctor is constantly visited by her spirit, which he sees and holds communion with; and though the spirit is not visible to others, her presence is made manifest to all who happen to be with him when she pays her weekly visits to tune her favourite guitar, which she is accustomed to do, and on which she plays it is said in a most perfect and beautiful manner. There is no arrangement necessary, it is a spontaneous act and occurs at times when the Doctor is in conversation with a casual visitor.

Professor Gunning gave me corroborative evidence of the reality of spirit photographs. He was at Springfield, Massachusetts, and went to a photographer named Knox, a stranger to him. It was somewhat late in the day; Knox at first declined to take Professor Gunning's portrait, thinking there was not light enough, but on second thoughts said he would try; the plate being hastily prepared, the Professor, who says he is conscious of the frequent presence of his deceased wife, having taken his seat, the operator as he closed the camera, turned pale and exclaimed, "I saw the figure of a woman standing by your side!" They went at once together to the dark room, and there indeed to his great delight Professor Gunning found, with his own portrait, a half-length likeness of his late wife.

Professor Gunning shewed me the photograph of a Miss Flora Robertson taken by Mr. Adams, a Boston photographer. Upon the neck of this likeness there are two hands, as if embracing the young lady. A Mr. Sergeant of Chelsea (not my friend Mr. Epes Sergeant, the novelist, who has long been a believer), a sceptic, took this likeness to Mrs. Smith, a well-known trance medium, residing at South Boston. When entranced she said, "They are my hands; I am Flora's aunt, Sarah Hardley; I passed to the spirit-world four years ago last December." Mr. Sergeant went immediately to Miss Nelly Starkweather, a

writing medium, residing at Indiana Place, Boston ; he asked her to look at the photograph, when her hand wrote out, " I have just told you about that picture—I am Flora's aunt, Sarah Hardley. I left the earth four years ago last December." Mr. Sergeant then called upon Flora's mother, and without explaining the object of his visit, he asked her if she knew any one of the name of Hardley? " That," she replied, " was my maiden name." " Had you a sister who is dead?" " Yes, I had a sister whose name was Sarah ; she died about four years ago." This test I am told completed Mr. Sergeant's conversion and he is now an avowed Spiritualist. Professor Gunning added that he had investigated this case for his own satisfaction, and he had obtained confirmation of the facts as I have stated them.

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### COTTON HILL—SUNDAY MORNING.\*

O glorious, great God, are all Thy works—  
 The fruitful sea, the fair and fertile earth,  
 Valley and mountain ! Here, on this high hill,  
 Where wild the humble heather blooms—a thing  
 Of simple beauty and of dear delight ;  
 And whence are seen the smiling, well-till'd fields ;  
 And peeping cottages ; and Tor, sparkling,  
 As the sun looks on its placid waters ;  
 And 'mid the verdant trees the village spire,  
 Pointing to heaven :—Here, O bounteous Lord,  
 (Giver of good, Thyself the perfect gift),  
 In this Thy temple—the blue sky for roof,  
 The birds for choristers,—warbling their songs  
 With native unpremeditated art ;  
 Here could I kneel and worship. Not that Thou  
 In cities art less near amid the throng ;  
 But here, through every faculty of soul  
 I feel Thy presence and protecting hand,  
 And hear thy voice, chiding unfilial thoughts,  
 Hushing the soul to rest—safe in the arms  
 Of Thy enfolding love :—Thy pitying love—  
 Source of all love, and hence, of blessedness,  
 In earth or highest heaven. For this my soul  
 Doth worship Thee, its sovereign Lord, and pray  
 That Thou would'st fill me with Thyself, that so  
 Thy child may walk more worthy Thee ; and grow  
 In wisdom, goodness, and the life divine. T. S.

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\* Cotton Hill, near Barnstaple, commanding an extensive view of the beautiful scenery of North Devon.

## INTERPOSITIONS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN THE LIFE OF RICHARD SELLER (A QUAKER FISHERMAN).

IN the second volume of *The Sufferings of the People called Quakers*, by Joseph Besse, at page 112, is "An Account of the Sufferings of Richard Seller, of Keinsey, a Fisherman, who was pressed in Scarborough Piers in the time of the two last Engagements between the Dutch and English in the year 1665." An account taken down from the mouth of Richard Seller, "as he sate weeping" before the writer. As it contains several remarkable instances of spiritual phenomena, and is even yet more noteworthy as being a simple chronicle of repeated providential interposition for the preservation of a courageous and humble servant of Christ, we present our readers with the entire narrative, slightly curtailed:—

"I was pressed in Scarborough Piers, and refused to go on the *Ketch*; they beat me very sore on the sand, and I, refusing to go on board, they hoisted me in with a tackle on board the *Ketch* that pressed for the ship called the *Royal Prince*, and they *bunched* me with their feet, that I fell into a tub, and was so maimed, that they were forced to swaddle me up with clothes. The first day of the third month they commanded me to go to work at the capstan. I refused, and told them that 'as I was not free to do the King's work, I would not live at his charge for victual.' (One of the chief "testimonies" borne by the Friends was against war.) "Then the boatswain's mate beat me sore, thrusting me about with the capstan till he was weary. Then the Captain sent for me upon the quarter-deck, and asked me 'Why I refused to fight for the King?' I told him "I was afraid to offend God, for my warfare was spiritual, therefore, I durst not fight with carnal weapons." Then he fell upon me and beat me with his small cane; then he called for his great cane and beat me sore, and felled me down to the dust three or four times, and beat me so long as his strength continued. The Captain said, 'He is a Quaker, I shall beat his brains out,' then fell upon me and beat me till he was weary; then called some one to help him, for said he, 'I am not able to hurt him enough to make him willing to do the King's service. Then came the commander's Jester, and told the Captain, he would lay a guinea with him that he would make me work, and hale the King's ropes. So two guineas were thrown down on the deck. Then the Jester called for two seamen, and made them make two ropes fast to my wrists, and reeved the ropes

through two blocks in the mizen-shrouds on the gunnel of the ship, and I hung some time. Then the Jester called the ship's company to behold and bear him witness that he made the Quaker hale the King's ropes; so veering the ropes, they lowered me half way down, then made me fast again. 'Now,' said the Jester, 'noble Captain and the company, see that the Quaker haleth the King's ropes,' and with that he commanded them to let fly the ropes loose, when I fell upon the deck. 'Now,' said the Jester, 'noble Captain, the wager is won, he haled the ropes to the deck, and you can hale them no farther, nor any man else.' Then the Captain called the boatswain's mate, and bade him take the Quaker dog away and put him to the capstan, and make him work, and beat him, and spare him not. . . . Then the boatswain's mate fell upon me and beat me again, and called his boy to bring his two seizings, and seize my arms to the capstan bars, and caused two men to heave the capstan about, *and in three or four passings about the seizings were loosed, no man knew how, nor could the seizings ever be found, although they sought them with lighted candles.* Then the boatswain's mate, *seeing what was done, caused all the men to come from the capstan, and took a Bible, and commanded them all to swear that they neither loosed me, nor knew how I was loosed. He then searched their pockets for the seizings, but could find none, so he let them go.* Then he called them all again to him, and said, 'Hear what I shall say to you; *you see this is a wonderful thing which is done by an invisible hand which loosed him, for none of you could see his hands loosed, that were so near him.*' 'I suppose this man,' said he, 'is called a Quaker, and for conscience' sake refuseth to act; therefore, I am afflicted, and do promise before God and man, that I will never beat, nor cause to be beaten, either Quaker, or any other man, who doth refuse for conscience' sake to act for the King. If I do, I wish I may lose my right hand.'

"Then on the third day came the Admiral, Sir Edward Spragg, on board of his own ship, called the *Royal Prince*, and hearing of a man that was pressed on board, that was called a Quaker; also, hearing that the boatswain's mate had beaten me much, and had given me over, and had declined to beat me any more; he was, therefore, called to come before the Admiral to answer for himself, why he would not beat a Quaker. He said, 'I have beat him very sore and I seized his arms to the capstan-bars, and forced them to heave him about, and beat him, and then sat down, and in three or four times of the capstan's going about, the seizings were loosened, and he came and sate down by me. Then I called the men from the capstan, and took them and swore them whether they had loosed him or no, but they

all denied that they had either loosed him, or knew by what means he was loosed, neither could the seizings ever be found; *therefore I did, and do believe, that it was an invisible power that set him at liberty*; and I did promise, before God and the company, that I never would beat a Quaker again, nor any man else for conscience' sake.' The Admiral told him 'he must lose his cane.' He willingly yielded it, and told him 'he must lose his place.' He was willing. He also told him 'he must also lose his right hand.' He held it out, and said, 'Take it, if you please.' So they took his cane from him and displaced him. So the Commander gave orders to the seven yeomen to beat me where they met me for seven days and nights, and make me work. They being called to an account as to what they had made me do, told the Commander that they were weary, and could not make me work. Then the eighth yeoman was called, who promised he would beat me and make me work, and he did beat me for a day and a night, when he met me, and being weary, he begged to be excused. Then the Commander sent for me upon the quarterdeck before him, and caused my clothes to be stripped off, shirt and all, from my waist downwards, *then he took a view of my body, to see what wounds and bruises I had, but he could find none; no, not so much as a blue spot in my skin.* Then the Commander was angry with them for not beating me enough. Then Captain Fowler answered him and said, '*I have beat him myself as much as would have killed an ox.*' Then the Jester said, 'He had hung me a great while by the arms up aloft in the shrouds.' The men said, '*they also had beat me very sore, but that they might as well beat the mainmast.*' Then said the Commander, 'I will cause irons to be laid upon him during the King's pleasure and mine.' Then the boatswain was called, and commanded to call the ship's company together and make ready the irons.

"The Commander, Sir Edward Spragg, said:—'You, gentlemen, sailors, and soldiers, whosoever serves here under me for the King, on board of his Majesty's ship, called the *Royal Prince*, the Admiral of the Blue, you are to take notice, that there is a man on board called a Quaker, he is to be laid in irons during the King's pleasure and mine for refusing to fight and eat the King's victuals; therefore, I charge you all, and every man, that none of you give or sell him any victuals, meat, drink, or water, for if you do, you shall have the same punishment that he hath.'

We will spare our readers the details of this steadfast martyr's sufferings during the two weeks that he lay in irons, being weakened also by a severe fever. Of the manner in which food was conveyed to him, we must, however, speak. Upon

being laid in irons, the remains of food which had been given to him by two Friends, Thomas Swales and Mary Stringer, who had visited him shortly after his imprisonment, were removed, and he must have suffered the pangs of hunger, added to his other pangs, had it not been for the kindness of the carpenter's mate. "He came in the crowd," says Richard Seller, "and joined himself so near me, that he put about a pint of brandy into my pocket, and no man knew; likewise some meat, and no one knew; and told me he should supply me daily, for, said he, 'I have meat of my own which is not at the King's charge;' and said, further, that he had had a strict charge given him by his wife and his mother, before he came on board, that if any Quaker came on board with him he should be kind to him, and that he had lately received a letter from them, wherein they charged him to remember his promise, and be kind to the Quakers, if any were on board." During three days this kind carpenter's mate was called away from the ship, and it might have gone badly with Richard, had it not pleased Providence to touch the hearts of two men in irons like himself, and who gave him a little brandy, and also promised him that they would not hurt him, as they previously had done, by lying upon him, which he, in his weak condition, and in the narrowness of their place of confinement (the bilboes), had no means to avoid.

At length his deliverance from the bilboes arrived. More men had to be put into irons on account of mutiny in the ship, and Richard Seller was brought forth. Sir Edward ordered a flag to be put up at the mizenmast-head, and a council of war to be called, which was done. "Then the captains of the other ships all came on board to answer the council of war before eight o'clock in the morning, it being the first day of the week. So I, being brought before the council of war, the Commander asked me if I would go on board of a flag-ship that was a tender and had six guns? I refused, and desired to stay on board and bear the punishment I had to abide. Then he bid the council of war go on with their business, so they did proceed; and I, being set on a bulkhead, being so lame with the irons that I could not stand, heard them pass sentence of condemnation upon me. The judge was a Papist, being Governor of Dover Castle, and went to sea on pleasure; but they could not tell at present what death to put me to. The judge said that I should be put into a barrel driven full of nails inwards, and so be rolled to death, but the council of war thought it too terrible a death and too un-Christian, so they agreed to hang me; and I, hearing them speak several things against me which I was clear of, had a desire to arise from my knees, where I was set to answer for myself, but had not any power to arise or open my mouth, but

was condemned within myself, insomuch that I had not power to breathe towards God. Proffering to rise again the second time, *there came a motion within me and bid me 'BE STILL, BE STILL, BE STILL,' three times ; which I obeyed, and was comforted. Then I believed God would arise.* And when they had done speaking God *did* arise, and I was filled with the power of God, and my spirit was lifted up above all earthly things, and *wonderful strength was given me in my limbs, and my heart full of the power and wisdom of God, and with glad tidings my mouth was opened to declare to the people the things which God had made manifest to me.*

"Sweat running down, and tears trickling from my eyes, I told them that 'the hearts of kings were in the hand of the Lord, and so are both yours and mine ; and I do not value what you can do to this body, for I am at peace with God and all men, and with you, my adversaries ; for if I might have an hundred and thirty years longer, I can never die in a better condition, for the Lord hath satisfied me. He hath forgiven me all things in this world, and I am glad through His mercy that He hath made me willing to suffer for His name's sake ; and not only so, but I am heartily glad, and do really rejoice and with a seal in my heart to the same.'

"Then came a man and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, 'Where are all thy accusers?' Then my eyes were opened, and I looked about me and they were all gone ; and said one to me, 'There goeth thy chief friend, the judge.' Then it arose in my heart that I had news for him from the Power of God ; and I cried, 'Man, come back, I have news for thee, better than ever thou heard in any coffee-house or elsewhere, and answer for what thou hast done.' Then came a Lieutenant and said, 'Sir Edward, this is a *hypocrite* Quaker.' I said, 'Commander, I entreat thee to look upon me a little.' So I loosed my knee-string and put down my stocking, and let him see how the blood and matter ran down my leg round about. He said, 'Put up thy stocking, there is enough.' Then presently came an ancient soldier and loosed down his knee-strings and put down his stockings, and put his cap under his knees, and begged his pardon three times. Then said he ; 'Arise up, soldier, and speak ;' and he entreated him, and said, 'Noble Sir Edward, you know that I have served his Majesty under you many years, both in this nation and other nations by the sea, and you were always a merciful man ; therefore do I entreat you in all kindness to be merciful to this poor man who is condemned to die to-morrow, and only for denying your order, for fear of offending God, and for conscience' sake ; and we have but one man on board out of nine hundred and fifty, but one

which doth refuse for conscience' sake, and shall we take his life away? May God forbid! *For he hath already declared, that if we take his life away, there shall a judgment appear upon some on board within eight and forty hours, and to me it hath appeared; therefore, I am forced to come upon quarterdeck before you, and my spirit is one with his;* and therefore I desire you all in kindness, when you take his life away, to give me the liberty to go off on board, for I shall not be willing any longer to serve his Majesty on board ship. I do entreat you once more to be merciful to this poor man. So God bless you, Sir Edward, I have no more to say to you.'

"Then came the chief gunner that had been a captain, and he loosed down his knee-strings, and did beg his pardon three times, being upon his bare knees before Sir Edward. 'We know you are,' said he, 'a merciful man, and therefore I entreat you in all kindness to be merciful to this poor man, in whom there remains something more than flesh and blood; therefore I entreat you let us not destroy that which is alive, neither endeavour to do it, and so God bless you, Sir Edward, I have no more to say to you.' Then he went away. Then the Commander desired me to go down and take my leave of my friends this day that were on board. So he gave orders that any that had mind to give me victuals might, and that I might eat and drink with whom I pleased. Then the dinners came up to be served, and several gave me victuals to eat, and I did eat freely, and was kindly entertained that day. Then the night being come, a man kindly offered me his hammock to lie in that night, because I had lain long in irons, and I accepted his kindness, and slept well that night.

"The next morning being come, it being the second day of the week on which I was to be executed, about eight o'clock in the morning, the rope being ready, reeved upon the mizenyard arm, and the boy ready to turn me off, and boats having come on board with the Captains of other ships that were of the council of war who came to see me executed. I then coming to the execution place, the Commander asked the council "How their judgment did stand?" So most of them did consent, but some of them were silent. Then he desired me freely to speak my mind, if I had anything to say before I was executed; but I told him that I had little at present to speak. So there came a man and bade me go forward to be executed, so I stepped upon the gunnel to go towards the rope. The Commander bade me stop there, if I had anything to say. Then spake the Judge, and said, 'Sir Edward is a merciful man, that puts that heretic to no worse death than hanging.' Sir Edward turned him about to the Judge, and said, 'What said'st thou?' 'I say,' replied

he, 'You are a merciful man, that puts him to no worse death than hanging.' 'But,' said he, 'what is that other word, that thou said'st, 'that heretic,' 'I say,' said the Commander, 'he is more a Christian than thyself, for I do believe that thou would'st hang me, if it were in thy power.'" Then said the Commander unto me, 'Come down again. I will not hurt an hair of thine head, for I cannot make one hair grow.' Then he cried, 'Silence, all men!' and proclaimed it three times over, 'that if any man or men on board of the ship would come and give evidence that I had done anything that I deserved death for, I should have it, provided they were credible persons; but nobody came, neither opened a mouth against me. So he cried again, 'Silence, all men, and hear me speak.' Then he proclaimed 'that the Quaker was as free a man as any on board the ship was.' So the men heaved up their hats, and with a loud voice cried 'God bless Sir Edward, he is a merciful man!' The shrouds, and tops and decks being full of men, several of their hats flew overboard and were lost.

"Then I had great kindness showed me by all the men on board, but the great kindness of the Lord exceeded all, for the day I was condemned to die on was the most joyful day I ever had in my lifetime, and so I remained exceeding joyful, until the very time that I was proclaimed a free man. But soon after troubles came upon me again; for I, being laid upon the deck one night, as it was my usual lodging place, there was *something appeared to me, and struck me as if I were dead; and I, being in great dread and fear, believed that our ship was to engage such a day of the month, with the wind at south-east. Then appeared also a small cloud to me, about as big as my hat. After being engaged, the same cloud spread and became a great one, insomuch that it darkened part of the ship. Then I stepped over on the star-board side of the ship, into the shrouds, and looked aft, and I saw a thick water arising in the wake of the rudder, then I feared the ship was near ground. This appeared to me three times that night, and I would gladly have put it from me, but I could not. Then I did believe, and was satisfied of the truth of it. Then I was at peace, and quiet in my mind.*

"But then I must make it known to the pilot, and I believed it was death by law to discourage the men. I thought I should thus give them an occasion to take away my life; but I could neither rest, eat, drink, nor sleep, until I had declared it. So I breathed unto God, and desired that He would find me a way to reveal it. Thus it remained with me two days and two nights, when, walking on the deck, and taking notice of the chief gunner of the ship, I was ordered to go to him and walk with him. He perceived I had something to say to him of some

weighty matter, so he desired me to speak my mind to him. I told him I had such a weighty matter to declare; that it was death by law to declare it. I desired that he would stand true to me in that respect, and he promised me fidelity in the presence of God, before whom we were, that he would be true to me in all respects, and if one suffered, both should suffer. Then we espied the mate of the ship walking: he being a sober man, we drew near to him, and he perceived that we were both afflicted, and desired to know what was the matter. So we told him, and he was satisfied with the truth of it. 'But,' said he, 'it doth belong most of all to the pilot.' So we must speak to him, and he being such a *brickle*, high-spirited man, we scarce knew how to speak to him; but calling him to us and walking with him, we told him the matter. Then he said, 'Who saw it?' I told him '*I see it.*' Then he fell into a rage, and seemed to fly from his promise that he would be faithful to us, for he said he would go tell the Commander. So away he went, and said he would have me executed speedily. I said, 'Let him go. Better I die than the whole company perish.' But they said, 'If thou die, we will all die.' Then he came to us again, near weeping, and told us, *that when he came before the Commander his mouth was stopped, that he could not speak a word good or bad.* He was very tender, and praised God that he had such a messenger. Then he took me by the hand, and desired me to tell him the name of the land. I told him I did not know. I never came there, *but at that time I looked up with my eyes and told him whereabouts the land lay.* So he desired me to go to the compass, and he asked me if I knew the compass? I told him 'very well.' *So I showed him upon what point of the compass the said land lay, and he took a book out of his pocket and found the land and the name of it.*

"Some days after this, we were engaged on that very point with the *Hollanders*, and as soon as we were engaged the cloud appeared to me, and came and darkened the ship, then I stepped into the main shroud and I saw the thick water; then I showed the pilot it, and he called two of the best men to the lead, they cried, 'Five fathom and a quarter.' Then the pilot cried, 'Starboard your helm.' Then the Commander cried, 'Larboard your helm, and bring her to.' The pilot said 'He would bring the King's ship no nearer, he would give over his charge.' The Commander cried, 'Bring her to.' The pilot said to the leadmen, 'Sing aloud that Sir Edward may hear,' (for the outcry was very great amongst the officers and seamen, because the ship was so near aground, and the enemies upon them) so they cried 'A quarter less five.' The Commander said, 'We shall have our *Royal Prince* on ground, take your charge, pilot.'

Then he cried hard, 'Starboard your helm, and see how our ship will run.' So she did bear round up. Then the men at the lead cried, 'Five fathom, and a better depth.' Then the Commander cried, 'God preserve the *Royal Prince*.' Then the pilot cried, 'Be of good cheer, Commander.' They cried, 'Six fathom;' then 'Nine fathom;' then 'Fifteen fathom;' then 'Sixteen fathom.' The Hollanders then shouted and cried, 'Sir Edward runs.' Then he cried, 'Bring her to again,' and the fight continued till the middle of the day was over, and it fell calm; and the ships being engaged on head of us, we could see nothing but fire and smoke; so out of that smoke I espied a fire-ship designed to lay us on board of the larboard bow. Then I cried to the chief gunner to come to me quickly, and I showed him the fire-ship coming to board us on the larboard bow. Then he fired a chace-gun with a ball in her, and as soon as the smoke was gone from the gun we espied the fire-ship all on fire blown up, and what remained of her sallied on board of the *Cambridge*, and only burned her ancient.

"The fight continued, and my employ was to carry down the wounded men, and look out for fire-ships; and the Commander was mighty pleased with my service, and said it would have been a great pity that my life should have been taken away before the engagement; and the chief gunner said I was instrumental through mercy, not only for giving notice of the ship coming on ground upon the sand, but also for preventing of the fire-ship that was near to hand to board us, and said it was he who gave me the first notice, whereof I am witness; and the Lieutenant said to the Commander, 'that there was not a more undaunted man on board except his highness.'

"Eight days after we were engaged again with the Hollanders, and the officers sent for me upon the quarterdeck and asked me what I would do that day. I told them that I was willing to do as before. They desired that I would do that service, and look out for fire-ships coming on board. I told them that I was free to do this; likewise to carry down the wounded men, if there was occasion. So presently we engaged. Not one fire-ship troubled us that day, but we lost about two hundred men.

"The Lieutenant meeting me, he asked me 'If I had received any wounds?' I told him that I had received none, but was well. He asked me 'How came I to be so bloody?' Then I told him 'It was carrying down wounded men,' so he took me in his arms and kissed me. That was the same Lieutenant that persecuted me so when I was in the irons at first." (He had attempted to stab Richard Sellers with his rapier.)

"Then we came to the Buoy and Nore again, and then went up near Chatham, and the King coming on board, the Lieutenant

desired me to go and walk upon the deck with him in the sight of the King, that haply some might give him notice of me, hoping I might be brought to trial and have my liberty, but I did not understand that he had any intelligence of me. The next day the same Lieutenant came to me, and desired me to walk along with him upon the quarterdeck. I being somewhat unwilling, told him I did not use to go upon quarterdeck unless I was called by the officers. He said, 'My uncle hath much business, and doth forget you, so walk along with me, I desire you;' and I did as he desired me, and he being with me walked away and left me alone. The Commander being there, and several Captains with him, he came from his company to me, and laid his hand upon my head and said, 'Thou hast done well, and very well, too.' So he walked by me, and I blushed. Then he asked me, 'Why I blushed?' I told him 'I desired to know wherein I had done well.' He said, 'By encouraging them which should have encouraged both thee and me.' Then said he, 'Thou shalt have thy liberty to go on shore.' I asked him 'If I might go on shore to recruit (my health), or go to my own being?' (condition.) He said 'I should choose what I should do.' I told him 'I would rather go to my own being.' He said I should do so. Then I told him that there was one thing that I requested yet of him, that he would be pleased to give me a certificate under his hand to certify that I was not run away. He said, 'Thou shalt have one to keep thee clear at home, and also in thy fishing, (for he knew I was a fisherman.)' So he called the Captain, and ordered him to write me a certificate and bring it to him, which he did with speed, but he did not like it, but flung it at him again, and ordered him to make me one more legible. Then he brought another and he signed it, and gave it me, and wished me well, and said he desired to hear from me if got well home; and I told him I would send him a letter, and I did so.

"But soon after I got into London two press crews came to me and said, 'This is Sir Edward's Quaker! You are welcome to shore. Will you please go to the tavern with us?' I told them I would not go, nor drink anything. Then they wished me well home.

"Also, they proffered me my pay before I came off on board, and said I deserved it as well as any man on board; but I refused, and told them that I had of my own that I hoped would serve me home, and the Lieutenant was troubled, because I would take nothing. He would have given me twenty shillings, but I would not take it."

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## A BROAD CHURCH CLERGYMAN ON SPIRITUALISM.

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"THE beliefs and practices which are combined under the vulgar name of Spiritualism, form another and a very direct protest, though to the common English mind a disagreeable one, in favour of special spiritual influences descending out of the unseen world upon the souls of men. The most active forms of Spiritualism have come to us from the United States of America, and have brought with them much that offends our taste. The stories of what have been said and done by deceased persons who have put themselves once more in communion with those yet in the flesh, are such as most of us cannot hear without a smile. The theology with which the habit of holding intercourse with the departed has allied itself—that of Swedenborg and his followers—with all its truth and beauty, is so much opposed to prevailing opinions, so hampered with a strange terminology and a system of special revelations, that it has peculiar difficulties to overcome before it can be accepted. The strikingly eloquent discourses of the chief prophet of Spiritualism, though every hearer or reader of them must confess their fervent piety and high moral tone, suffer from the drawback of an inflated rhetoric such as English habits can hardly tolerate. And yet the beliefs thus commended to us have gained power over many minds; for the most part, no doubt, over those of an enthusiastic, affectionate, and imaginative temperament. Far deeper and fresher thoughts have been evoked by this Spiritualistic movement than by the more common-place Revival; thoughts which harmonize well, as I believe, with the true orthodox faith, but which often put to shame the ordinary level of our orthodox sentiments. Whatever be the right explanation of the marvels of spiritual intercourse which are said to have been so abundant, it can hardly be denied by those who know anything of the religion of Spiritualism, that it raises visions of a life governed from another world and actuated by one spirit of love and joy, at which both the records of Apostolic times and the secret hopes of our own hearts forbids to mock."—*Tracts for Priests and People*: No. XI., "The Spirit giveth Life." By the Rev. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIS, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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## Notices of Books.

### THE LATE CONVENTION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.\*

THE late Convention of Progressive Spiritualists in attendance, and in tone and practical aim, so far as we can judge from its authorised report, though still leaving much to be desired, was a marked improvement on its predecessors.

We have no doubt that the publication committee must have had considerable trouble in preparing this Report, and especially in making abstracts of the papers and speeches; still we cannot help thinking that the operation of the pruning-knife might have been extended in certain directions with considerable advantage. For instance, the desultory rambling remarks offered in lieu of a report by its late earnest and well-meaning but erratic Secretary might usefully have been cut down much farther, or indeed altogether lopped away. Dull diatribes against the churches, stale sarcasms at what some speakers are pleased to call "Old Theology," without apparently understanding very clearly what they mean by it; vague, vapid, declamatory common-places on the evils of society generally, without the slightest hint of any specific well-considered plans for their removal, is all little better than aimless talk, a mere beating of the air, and a sore weariness to flesh and spirit. Truly, in comparison with such speech, "silence is golden." Wherefore will men utter words without knowledge? Of what use are

Windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing?

Ply thy flail never so vigorously, my industrious brother, what profit *can* be gained by threshing only the straw? Oh, there is sometimes great virtue in excision!

As Transatlantic ideas and phrases are in special favour with some of our progressive friends, we would suggest a word, we believe of Transatlantic origin, very significant as applied to this kind of talk—*bunkum*. In future Conventions it might be well to give instructions to the president that when any speaker begins talking in the way indicated, he, the president, should call "*bunkum*," on which said speaker should be required to bring his eloquence to swift conclusion, under penalty of doing penance by

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\* *British Association of Progressive Spiritualists. Proceedings of the Third Convention, held in London, June 11, 12, and 13, 1867, embodying prepared Essays and Papers read, Addresses delivered, Experiences of Mediums, and the Discussions.* Heywood & Co., 335, Strand.

standing in silence during remainder of session before all progressive brothers and sisters in most conspicuous corner of the platform, dunce's cap on head, with BUNKUM in large capitals thereon. Or, if this should be thought too severe a means of checking a growing evil, a resolution at the beginning of Conference might be passed to the following effect.—

Whereas much valuable time has heretofore been wasted in vituperating so-called "Dead Churches" and "Old Theology," and in other matters foreign to the proper objects for which this Convention is called; be it therefore resolved that all papers and speeches relating to these matters, intended to be submitted to this Conference be *taken as read and spoken*; and that this Convention at once proceed to business.

If, in accordance with the tyranny of custom, it should be thought necessary to enforce this resolution by a speech, something like this might be said:—

MY PROGRESSIVE BROTHERS,—Let us begin by clearing our minds of all *Cant*; whether it be the cant of conservatism or of progress—the cant of the pulpit or of the platform. Let us above all things be sincere in thought and word; first taking care to know our own meaning, and then saying only what we mean, and meaning only what we say; not speaking that we may say, or seem to say, something; but reserving speech till we have something to say; speaking our own thoughts in our own words, avoiding borrowed catch-phrases, for the most part as empty of independent thought as *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*, or the *tol-de-rol* chorus to a comic song;—dead-corpse words, from which whatever soul of meaning once animated them has now departed. Mr. Chairman, I beg to move said resolution.

We hope the object of these plain strictures will not be misunderstood; they are made in no spirit of fault-finding, but in the hope that such errors and defects as those pointed out, may, as far as possible, be avoided in the future. To make things pleasant by speaking only smooth things is always easy and agreeable, but he does us the most true and friendly service who in kindly spirit points out our faults, and so assists us to correct them. We desire to see these Conventions become as useful as they may be made to be, and to this end extravagance and needless eccentricities should be avoided. One of the speakers at the Convention insisted strongly on the duty of temperance; which was well, only it should be remembered that sobriety in speech and action is no less a virtue than sobriety in foods and drinks. Not that we would have at these Conventions stiff, prim, formal speeches; in relating experiences and in transacting business an easy conversational freedom of style is the most natural and fitting; but in discussing principles, and in making generalisations, a severe simplicity of thought and speech should be sedulously cultivated.

If papers intended to be read to the Convention were first referred to a committee for examination, after the plan of the Social Science Congress, as recommended to the Convention by Mr. Scott, much chaff and dross would doubtless be winnowed, and valuable time be saved.

We would add, as a further suggestion, that the composition of the Convention might with advantage be made, like that of other bodies, to consist only of delegates from societies and circles, and persons specially invited; such invitations should, of course, be extended liberally to all whose counsels were likely to aid, or whose presence might be otherwise useful. Visitors, as at present, could be freely admitted, and if a visitor had anything to communicate, permission could be easily obtained, or he might be specially invited to address the Conference, and otherwise participate in the proceedings, in accordance with whatever standing orders the Convention might think it advisable to adopt. One more suggestion. The propriety of retaining the adjective "Progressive" as part of the title of the Association, might be well reconsidered. It is not only vague, indefinite, conveying the most opposite meanings; but it conveys an assumption and an imputation, and seems to imply an exclusiveness and a sectional character, not perhaps intended, but the very appearance of which should be avoided.

We believe the adoption of these hints would greatly improve the composition of these Conventions and the character of their proceedings; and place the Association, on a broader and more acceptable basis, secure for it a larger support, and preclude all need or idea of any other general Association of Spiritualists in this country being attempted.

The chief outcome of the Convention has been the following Resolutions:—

Whereas all Spiritualists hold the one central belief in the intelligent communion with the spirits of departed human beings, and that such communion may be and is of vast utility in the progress of individuals towards purer and happier lives, and in the progress of the entire human family towards harmonial brotherhood, therefore be it resolved:—That the members and friends of this Association do unite together for the propagation of this central truth.

That a Committee of Lectures and Correspondence be formed, who shall take the names and obtain the requisite knowledge of any persons who, being duly qualified, are willing to give Lectures on Spiritual Science, within a radius of fifty to one hundred miles of their residence; such lecturers to have their expenses paid by the persons inviting them to lecture. Also to take the names of any qualified individuals who may be willing to correspond with persons who may be seeking information on the subject of Spiritualism.

That it is desirable to obtain the services of missionary mediums for trance or physical and test manifestations, and the work of such mediums may be economically arranged, and all information supplied through the Central Committee aforesaid.

That this Convention recommends the formation of Circles for the study of the nature of Man,—for the carrying out of which we would advise, first, the formation of Schools or Lyceums for the young; second, the formation of Family Circles; third, we would strongly recommend to the attention of all classes of spiritual and progressive reformers the need of an Educational College, based upon the principles of spirit intercourse.

This last motion, the Chairman explained, "was not properly a resolution to be carried out by the Convention, but

was a recommendation calling the notice of Spiritualists and Reformers all over the country to the subject." The remaining resolutions of the Convention were of a purely formal and business character.

Among the papers read we would specially note one by Mr. Etchells, on "The Atmosphere of Organised Bodies,"—a continuation of "The Harmony of Matter" (the last title being that of a paper read at the previous Convention); and one from Miss Alstone, on "Spirit Guidance." A paper by Mr. Burns, on "The Connection between Spiritualism and Education,"—not given in this report—is published in *Human Nature* as a separate article. Two papers were received from America, one by the Hon. Warren Chase, and one by the Rev. J. M. Peebles; of these there was only time to read a portion of the latter. Several other papers also remained unread for the same reason. Mr. Hitchcock, of Nottingham, reported the establishment of a Children's Progressive Lyceum at Nottingham—the first, we believe, formed in this country. We hope Spiritualists will give more attention than they have yet done to this important matter of education, both for children and adults; they cannot be better employed than in providing good secular instruction, combined with unsectarian religious training. Some spirit paintings were exhibited, and their history narrated. Several mediums related their experiences, which were of a very interesting kind; some, not in this report, are given in the report published in *Human Nature*. Baron de Guldenstubbe gave an account of the twenty years' experience of himself and sister in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, which was most striking and valuable.

The Convention was supplemented by an excursion to the Crystal Palace, where speeches reviewing the proceedings of the Convention were delivered. Altogether the Convention must have been very gratifying to its promoters and to those who attended it and took part in its proceedings. The character of the office bearers for the ensuing year augurs well for the success of the Association, which is yet young; and we may hope, with increased experience, will outgrow its juvenile indiscretions and attain a more ripened wisdom as it approaches its maturity. Meanwhile, it will be well to bear in mind that the object of these meetings, as stated by the President of the Convention, is "not so much to discuss the philosophy of Spiritualism as to seek to bring about a better understanding amongst Spiritualists in England,"—an object we sincerely hope they may attain.

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## DR. LEE ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM.\*

DR. LEE'S book is, as it professes to be, a "succinct *resumé* of opinions and well authenticated facts, shewing "the physical and psychical effects resulting from magnetism;" the "Psychical Phenomena" occupying by far the larger portion of the book, differencing it in this respect from most treatises on the subject. This feature of the work should specially commend it to our readers, for there is a close alliance between these phenomena and those of Spiritualism. The one frequently blending into the other, and both being alike branches of the great Ygdrasil tree of spiritual life and activity which pervades the universe. Mesmerism, indeed, is the key which opens one of the principal gates through which spiritual communion may be gained. Indeed, we know that many have made their first approaches to Spiritualism through the gate thus opened to them. Mesmerism, also, in its psychical phenomena, which demonstrates the existence of a spiritual nature in man, and of latent faculties in the soul not bounded by the conditions of space and time, strikes a death-blow at that *pseudo*-philosophy which limits all existence to the physical sphere, and all modes of perception to the physical senses.

Mesmerism has been often and ably treated of from the plane of external observation; we wish that some fully competent writer would now trace out its philosophy from that central principle we have indicated; only so, as it seems to us, can it be rightly and fully understood, and its relations to kindred subjects distinctly marked out. If Dr. Lee's book does not do this, it at least presents in moderate compass valuable materials towards it; and we hope its author may have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been "the means of causing a greater share of attention to be directed to these phenomena by members of the medical profession, theologians, and scientific men;" as well as by many others who may not be strictly classed in either of these categories.

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\* *Animal Magnetism, and Magnetic Lucid Somnambulism. With Observations and Illustrative Notices of Analogous Phenomena occurring spontaneously; and an Appendix of Corroborative and Correlative Observations and Facts.* By EDWIN LEE, M.D., Corresponding Member of the Medical Association of Prussia, the Royal Academy of Medicine at Belgium, the Medical Academies and Societies of Paris, Berlin, Munich, Brussels, Madrid, Turin, Florence, &c. London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.

## Correspondence.

### DIRECT SPIRIT MESMERISM.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—The following is an account of some remarkable phenomena of direct spirit mesmerism, witnessed by myself and others at my house early on the evening of the 8th of August, and I should be glad if you could give publicity to my letter.

It is necessary to premise that Mr. D. D. Home, the medium present, had been staying with me for some short time—and that owing to the state of health of Mrs. Jencken, who had been seized with paralysis, I had determined not to allow any *séances* to be held. On the evening in question however I yielded at the request of my mother, and accordingly we sat round a small square table in front of the sofa—Mrs. Hennings, our neighbour, making up the party of four.

We had not been seated many minutes when raps were heard in different parts of the room; the table was tilted and raised straight off the ground; numerous raps were then heard under the table, in the drawer which was pulled out and replaced; a cold current of air then passed over our hands; spirit hands touched several of us on our hands and knees; a hand appeared between myself and Mr. D. D. Home, but only for a moment. We then observed the form of a hand under the shawl Mrs. Jencken had drawn across her knees. A pause then ensued followed by the phenomenon of "Direct Spirit Mesmerism," to record which is the special object of my present communication.

At first we heard the rustling of Mrs. Jencken's dress as though a hand was rudely moved over it; we then noticed a hand making mesmeric passes down the right side of Mrs. Jencken; her knee was then grasped, and we distinctly heard the topping, kneading sound, of shampooing a patient. Mrs. Jencken, who remained perfectly calm and composed throughout the process, described her sensation with great precision, observing that she felt as if a powerful hand was making passes down her paralyzed side, almost causing pain. Her hand was then seized by, as she described it, a soft warm hand, rubbed and stretched out with sufficient force to leave a red mark on her hand and wrist; she further said that she felt as if an electric stream had passed through her, causing every limb to glow.

The whole process lasted about eight to ten minutes, and resulted in the restoration of the use of the paralyzed limb and side of Mrs. Jencken, who all but immediately called our attention to the fact of her being able to move her right arm and hand,

hitherto perfectly paralyzed; on essaying to rise from her chair, she found to her great joy that she could walk, and her convalescence has ever since steadily progressed.

Fortunately, during the *séance*, Mr. Jones, of Enmore Park, joined our circle, at which I was much pleased, as I felt it desirable that a farther witness should be present to testify to the truth of the statement I am recording.

Other and very marked phenomena were produced that evening. Mrs. Hennings' hand was repeatedly touched and grasped, her chair seized and drawn back, and half turned round. Mr. Jones was also touched by a hand. A voice was distinctly heard to pass through the room, the note being not unlike the wail of a female voice; but I will not burden you with an account of these phenomena, my object being to confine myself to the description of the phenomenon of direct spirit mesmerism. I may, however, add that Mr. D. D. Home is in full power, and that, during his stay at my house, very remarkable phenomena occurred.

Mrs. Jencken is now occupied in writing a statement of what took place, anxious that a document should be placed on record to prove at some future time the possibility of direct spirit mesmerism.

H. D. JENCKEN.

Kilmorey House, 15th August, 1867.

## DO THEY MEAN WHAT THEY SAY?

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Nothing is more common than to hear persons, who take great credit to themselves for "soundness in the faith," use phrases which are startling to those of us who really think what such phrases mean. Thus, what more common than such phrases as these, on the lips of popular preachers—"The spirits of the redeemed look down on us, and beckon us to follow in their footsteps." "The kind friend, who on earth sought to win you to God, now looks down upon you, waiting for the hour of your decision." "They are not lost, but only gone before; and from their abodes of bliss, they behold us and love us still." Such phrases might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and yet if you take these good people at their word, and say "Amen" with a meaning, they are shocked or annoyed. I have tried this several times lately, and the results of my experience are curious indeed. Their poetry, their prayers, their religious sayings, are full of statements involving the nearness of spiritual beings to us, and the possibility of spirit influence upon us, and yet they almost hate us when we say, "Yes, it is true, and we have proved it!" I have, for instance, just cut the following from the *Leisure Hour* for this month. I wonder whether its

thousands of orthodox church and chapel people will *really* believe it, or whether they will only think they do.

### ANGELS EVERYWHERE.

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”—MILTON.

A myriad angels hover about this earth below,  
And in and out our thresholds their footsteps come and go,  
While in our very blindness their forms we do not know.  
They sing to us in music, they smile on us in dreams,  
They speak to us in echoes the wordly spirit deems  
But chirruping of woodbirds and chattering of streams.  
They make light in our corners, they purify our air,  
They take our hands unconscious, and guide us unaware;  
The presence of their ministry is sweetly everywhere,  
They sit up in the nursery, and kiss the babes to sleep,  
Across the holy hearth-place they join their hands to keep  
The light of love undimmed by the tears pained hearts do weep.  
They lurk about the sick room, and trace upon the wall  
Quaint legends for still musings when twilight shadows fall,  
And pleasant thoughts and words they help us to recall.  
Then still they near the bed-side, and hold our passive hands,  
And talk to us of strange things that health scarce understands,  
Till home-like to the soul grow far-off heavenly lands.

This is very delicious and beautiful, and we can only hope that writer and readers will come to “mean what they say.”

Yours faithfully,  
THE AUTHOR OF “SIX MONTHS’ EXPERIENCE  
AT HOME OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION.”

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### WILLIAM LLOYD,—AN OBITUARY NOTICE.

WE have to record the passing away from us, so far as the bodily presence is concerned, of a good man, in the person of William Lloyd, of Fulford, York. An old and highly respected member of the Society of Friends, he was also an earnest Spiritualist, and had been so for 20 years. He delighted in reading and in correspondence on his favourite themes—Spiritualism and Mesmerism; freely lending his books, and pleased to initiate others into a knowledge of those things which so greatly interested himself. He was for some time associated with the late Dr. Simpson, of York, and others, in the practice of Mesmerism and the propagation of Spiritualism. He was 76 years of age, and with his advancing years and increasing infirmities, he must have felt pleasure in the prospect of his departure, not only a welcome release, but in the full assurance that the exchange of worlds could be to him only exceeding gain, that—

The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven,  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.